

Blood Lust (part 2 of 2)

by Dr. Raven Horror PhD

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Summary: The town of Sunnydale has not seen the last of Raven's arch enemy, Razor, as she plots against Buffy, Angel and the Canis.

Blood Lust (part 2 of 2)

Title: Blood Lust - Part Three of the Canis Nosferatu Chronicles
(Chapters 11 & 12)

> Author: Dr. Raven, Horror PhD
 Summary: The town of Sunnydale has not seen the end of Raven's arch enemy, Razor.

> Rating: R (violence, language)
 Distribution: Please ask before distributing.

> Feedback: Please! Please! Please! Just don't make me mad...I'm running out of places to hide the bodies. :)
 Disclaimer: All things Buffy belong to Joss, the WB, Mutant Enemy and all that jazz. Raven, Razor and Deacon are my brain children alone, and I take no responsibility for their actions.

> **WARNING** - The characters of BTVS as we know them are going to undergo some major life changes in this episode of the Canis Nosferatu series. Your world may never be the same after you read this. <g>

> CHAPTER 11

> "So what happens now?" Buffy asked quietly.

> Raven, Spike and Giles looked at one another, none of them sure of an answer. The four were seated around a small table in Raven's kitchen. Tea was served, but no one was drinking.

> "I'm not certain," Raven said, finally. "What happened tonight could start an all out war with my people. Especially with Razor. She will not take this lightly."

> "What about Angel?" Buffy pressed.

> "He'll need rest, at least a day, maybe more," Raven replied. "He won't lose all of his vampire weaknesses for at least a week, so it's imperative that he stay here. There are things he has to know, things I must teach him before he can explore his new life. And there's also the matter of his mental state."

> "Mental state?" Spike inquired.

> "Yes," Raven said softly. "I don't know if Deacon's blood will have a negative effect on him."

> "And we thought Angel was cursed before...", Giles remarked.

> "And that curse alone may have effects on his nature as one of our kind," Raven continued. "I am not fully aware as to the extent of this curse. So, Rupert, if you and Buffy would be so kind as to supply me with as much information as you can, it would help Angel a lot."

> "And Deacon?" Giles asked hesitantly.

> "He's near death," Raven said flatly. "He has maybe a half hour. As it is, he's completely unconscious."

> "I should hope so," Spike mused. "You cut out the bastard's heart."

> "Under normal circumstances," Raven continued, "if I didn't destroy the heart, he would have the power to regenerate it. But with his extended blood loss, I felt confident in having you deliver it to Razor as a souvenir. None of our kind can sustain a blood loss like that."

> Raven stared down at the table, her ebony hair shielding her face from their gazes. Tired, and near tears, she managed to whisper, "I need to sleep."

> "You're not the only one," Buffy sighed. "I'd best get home before mom throws a conniption. If it's ok, I'd like to peek in on Angel later this afternoon?"

> Raven said nothing, but nodded in agreement.

> "I'd best be going myself," Giles said, standing. He bent down, giving Raven a gentle kiss on the top of her head. "Call me later after you've rested. We'll manage to pull through this somehow."

> Again, Raven nodded silently.

> Buffy stood, and joined Giles in quietly exiting the apartment.

> "Well, that's all well and good for them," Spike said. "But it's daylight. I can't exactly take a stroll home."

> Raven stood and turned her back to him, quickly wiping her face of the few tears that managed to escape. "You're welcome to stay. Make a bed wherever you can. Just leave me alone."

> CHAPTER 12

> Raven retired to her bedroom before Spike could protest. Lying motionless on her bed was Deacon. His skin was pale, almost white. Only the faint, shallow breathing Raven noticed indicated to her that he was still alive, although barely so.

> She made her way to the edge of the bed. Sitting on the edge, she ran her fingers through his tangled hair, brushing random strands from his face. She leaned in close to him, her mind firmly set with the decision she had made.

> "Deacon?" she whispered.

> His eyelids fluttered and blinked slowly. He opened his eyes slightly, barely allowing her to see their haunting beauty through tiny steel blue slits.

> "You have a choice," Raven said. "Your heart is gone, and with it, your evil. At least that is my hope. You cannot survive and regenerate without help. So I ask you, do you wish to die, or to live?"

> Deacon managed a soft cough, choking on what little blood he had left. Very faint, almost inaudible, he said, "To live."

> Raven reached over to her bedside table and grasped a silver chalice, one that her mother had given her for magical rituals. Only there would be no magic in what she had planned.

> She brought her wrist to her mouth and bit swiftly. Holding it above the cup, she let her blood drain freely. In the back of her mind, she monitored her body. Too much blood loss would kill her. Not enough would fail to accomplish what she desired. When it was full, she set the chalice aside and tore a slip of fabric from her sheets, bandaging her wrist.

> Raven took Deacon's head and supported it with her hand. With the other, she offered him a few sips from the cup.

> His reaction was slow at first, but sped rapidly. He devoured her blood, wasting not a single drop. When he was finished, she again set the chalice aside, and laid his head back onto her pillow.

> "Now rest," she said, "and allow me to heal. For as I grow stronger, so shall you."

>
 _ _The Canis Nosferatu Chronicles will continue....._
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